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# ABROAD WITH THE BOYS

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*FRANCES REPPLIER WELLENS*



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# ABROAD WITH THE BOYS

BY  
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No. 1.

TO MY MOTHER





# Abroad With the Boys

## FIRST DAY OUT.

DEAR DADDY :

Thank you ever and ever so much for this lovely book. I found it, with the fountain pen, in our state-room when I returned from dinner just now, and I start to do as you have asked me to do—to share my trip with you and the girls—and I hope when the book comes back to you we can live over every hour of the trip together. And as for the fountain pen! Words cannot express my joy, because I was so glad to be taken along that I just agreed with everything Walter suggested, and when he said I should have to share his fountain pen, I just replied: “Very well,” which means that economy in luggage can be carried too far.

The simplicity of our luggage is really delightful—just two enormous “hunting kits,” as the English call them, and my little black carryall that you know of old. I have one thing on, one off and one in the valise. And, really, I find it most luxurious not to be hampered with an overabundance of possessions. Most of the women on board have garbed themselves in their seagoing clothes, and

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it makes me wonder if all the staterooms have mirrors.

The good-byes were simply distracting. To look over the edge of this enormous boat and see those wretched pale faces looking farewells was almost more than I could stand, and I felt more than delighted that your forethought sent me this book and not a wharf good-bye.

I'm going to be one of the boys, and my greatest wish on this, my first trip abroad, is that Walter shall not be sorry he brought me along. But I'm all at sea at present. I love this German ship, and it's so exciting to select something to eat (merely being guided by the fool name on the menu), without being prejudiced by the price attached. Everything is apparently of the same value, and even the wonderful creations composed of foodstuffs and paper flags, displayed on the buffet table as the first impression of the sumptuous repast, all have some outlandish fancy name and some new and wonderful sensation of taste.

When I remarked as a starter for conversation that the boat was wonderfully full of people one of the men at our table said to me in a most insinuating way: "Just wait; you'll see." I'll tell you later what he meant.

### SECOND DAY.

I was perfectly overjoyed with my bath this morning. I love the good substantial handles to

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hold on to in the bath-tubs. The water comes out of the spigot with the force and volume of a fire plug. The towels are fearfully scratchy and fully two yards and a half square, and the nonchalant way the people parade the corridors in their bath wrappers is awfully funny. Should a booby beauty prize be donated, I should love to vote for a certain something I saw this morning in dark red flannel pajamas with slippers to match. He carried a dear little grip, presumably of toilet articles, and his hair was a sight and he needed a shave.

I put my other dress on last evening—the one cut long in the train and low in the neck, and when Walter asked the men at our table to join us in one of the little cafés after supper, I felt glad I had urged the necessity of taking that other dress along. We became quite well acquainted, and, after the coffee cups had been taken away from the absolutely stationary little table, we all sought one of those sit-around benches and tried to outdo each other in solitaires.

There is a Portuguese solitaire I'm going to teach you when I come home. That was the specialty of the grandpa of our party. He is a fine-looking man, who hails from Chicago, and, like most of his fellow passengers, is an importer. He was the one who suggested telling ages, and started by saying: "No one takes me for fifty-two," and Walter, who falls into games like that, told how near he was to forty. But when it came to my turn, I was not to be caught that way. I turned it off with a story. It was that famous ground-

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hog story of mine, that no one ever seems to quite believe until I come almost to the end. It suggested animal stories, and it therefore started a new train of thought.

One of the men, an importer of kid gloves, is most generous in imparting information. He told us most interesting things about the making of skins, and when he informed me that young goats were always born twins, I suggested that that was most appropriate, as they ended their days still being a pair of kids—one for each hand. Wasn't it stupid of him to have never thought of that before? Or else, perhaps, he was just being a gentleman. He told us that in some of the mountain countries the peasant people who raise our gloves for us show such consideration and respect for their bread-winners that the young kids sleep huddled up with the children.

The people fairly live on goats' milk and they even eat the young kids after their skins have been sold to the parish priest, who is the chief collector of these precious pelts, and who, in turn, sells them to the glove-makers. Take a good look at your gloves and think of this, and be glad you don't live among the goats. I thank you heartily for it also.

Isn't it lovely when great big steins of delicious beer are served in the evening in the little Vienna Café? The steward puts down before us a large platter full of delightful little sandwiches, all with their lids off, so that they may be seen without having to peep in sideways.

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### THIRD DAY.

There was delightful excitement fearfully early this morning, and everybody on board who wasn't too old or too young was up and dressed at three A. M. to watch the tender coming from Plymouth, weighted with Prince Henry, brother of the Kaiser. Several others far less important, beside the enormous touring car belonging to the Prince added to our ship's load. It really was quite wonderful to watch that colossal thing on a little platform of its own being hoisted up by good strong derricks and being landed right in the middle of the only recreation deck the steerage people had. And then the mean part of it was, its being covered so securely with canvas, so that the people whose deck it almost filled could not even examine it.

One of the men in our party was starting his trip the English way, and so we lost him here at Plymouth. I was sorry to a certain extent, because that man never failed with a good story when the others appeared to be rather talked out. Another thing America gave up at Plymouth was millions of dollars worth of silver bars, soon to be made into English money. Everybody drank coffee in the brilliantly lighted dining room, just as if it were the regular and proper hour to be doing such things. I couldn't help but think how awfully stupid it must have been for the stewards. After that I went regularly to bed again—hairpins and all—and waited for the real day.



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There is an insinuating way the ship people have of putting signs around "bewareing" all innocents of professional gamblers. I have played solitaire so much, and double Canfield with so many different partners, that I almost feel like explaining to the steward that I am not one of the kind the signs refer to.

Somebody warned me that it was considered a great offense to take a picture of the shores of France—they are so secretive about their harbor. But, even so, I had my camera out with me nice and early, and, while I thrilled with the joy of seeing Cherbourg, I took the risk and snapped a picture of the place. Madame Lillian Nordica left our ship here, and, as she descended the gang-plank, once more I squeezed the bulb. She looked quite lovely and was most picturesque carrying a basket of flowers.

I have always admired people who could gracefully tote around unimportant things and appear to like it. If she had been selling those same blooming things on the corner of a market place I wonder how she would have liked it.

## ZITTAU, IN SAXONY.

I'm here, Father. I'm in Europe. I haven't lost my sea legs as yet and I still feel wobbly, and I have already completely comprehended the sensation of being an ignorant foreigner. Everybody is talking the same outlandish language, except Walter and two of his friends, who will be with us for some weeks yet. Fortunately, they remember some English. If it were not for that I am sure I should starve. The room that has been assigned to us in this, the best hotel in Zittau, is supposed to be rather the choice of the pick of rooms because a King at some time or other had slept there. The room is very large, very quiet, very dark, with brown hangings and old-fashioned parlor furniture. There is a high bed, with layers of feather beds that one can exercise his own discrimination as to using for mattress, bolster or coverings. Surely there are enough of them to choose from.

The windows are high, with four layers of curtains and there are two wall-paper doors that lead somewhere. The place is awfully "scarey," and looks for all the world like the stage setting for some "cheap and nasty" at the National. I think I must be the lady comedienne in the drama, because these people here either have an unusually merry disposition or else there is something awfully

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funny about me. I thought at first my face was dirty, but when I looked in the glass I decided it wasn't that, but that I looked for all the world like a "green horn" in a new place, as a young Polish girl might look who has taken the responsibilities of someone else's light housework, with the hopes that she might learn the language.

Walter has left me here, to make myself perfectly "at home." I have been trying to make things cheerful, by noticing the effect of our tooth-brushes on a huge ice-cold wash-stand, with two pitchers and basins. My top-coat and furs on one of the outlandish upholstered affairs at the end of the room have a familiar look but not a homelike one. The big double doors are just a little open and I sit here expectant that every minute the next person to arrive on the scene will do a song and dance.

I am running a little too far ahead with the trip. I didn't even let you land with me at Bremerhaven. From there we travelled in a delightful little railroad carriage to Bremen, and all along the road every place was cultivated. Just imagine, these thrifty German people wouldn't waste one little bit of land. Great big sugar beets seem to be the thing in season, and everywhere you look you can't miss the sight of some peasant person—usually petticoated—tugging at one of these great heavy vegetables. The people have to stoop so much it doesn't seem to be worth while to straighten up between stoops, and all the workers seem to be bent upon their occupation. Pardon that.



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In Bremen we went to the Rathskeller. It was quite the most delightful hole in the ground I have ever entered. The sunshine came over the edge of the street, and through a little window in a long ray of light to the very table where we were sitting. The smoke in the place was heavy, and everybody seemed happy. The glasses were like little squatty goblets, with strings of red glass wound round and round them, and the wine and the sandwiches were delicious. Then I could not help watching three young boys near us, who matched for the paying of the drinks in a most amusing way. All three would hold their hands in a fist. They would then raise their hands three times and then stop quick. The odd man had to pay—that is, the one who didn't have his thumb up if the others did, or the one who had his thumb up if the others didn't.

Isn't it funny, Daddy, all the men carry canes after they are old enough to be even office boys. Just so they are wage-earners, they feel more dressed up and important with a cane. This Rathskeller is a dreadfully old place. Hundreds of years ago people drank their wine just there where I was, and hundreds of others are going to take a turn at it after I finish.

We visited the old Cathedral also, and saw plenty of statues of Roland. We also viewed nearly all the shops, with their low-cut windows. You could stand on the sidewalk and look down an area way into a basement display of windows. After we had seen the wonderful Bleikeller, or

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“mummy house,” as George S. called it, we took a long sleepy ride to Hamburg, where we were to change cars for Berlin. The guard locked George S., Grandpa, Walter and myself in a little travelling room, and then went off to the platform to call out “Abfart!” That means “go ahead!” Grandpa felt called upon to entertain the party, just as if everyone wasn’t entirely relieved of every good story that had ever been in their systems, and, as we sat four abreast looking at the “no smoking” sign, he started one good long tale about a man named Foley who asked if he could go with him on one of his trips three years ago. He told how this same Foley had acquired money late in life, and how he was such a dressy party. He told us how Foley wore a passionate pink shirt, and would insist upon wearing his derby on the back of his head. I tried to remember I was a lady—so I listened to his long discourse on the undesirable ways of Foley until he was at the part of the story where the obnoxious travelling companion was making himself unpleasant to the police on the steps of the Opera House in Paris. And it was at this point I heard Walter snore. I was terribly mortified but somewhat relieved to see George S. in a somewhat similar state of blissful unconsciousness. I tactfully suggested to Grandpa that we would all probably be “on the go” most of the evening, and why not take the practical advice in the example of the others. I awoke later on, myself, because my arm was asleep. I heard Walter in the most nonchalant tone, remarking: “And what did be-

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come of Foley?" And Grandpa evidently thought I was sound asleep because what he said wasn't meant to be in the story.

I almost forgot to tell you about poor little Marianna Murphy, an acquaintance on the ship. It was just about five o'clock on the fourth day out, and the men were all busy talking business. I thought I would go downstairs to see if Madame Nordica might be doing a little practising before it was time to get ready for supper.

On a big, soft blue plush divan, on the balcony overlooking the dining-room, sat about as pale a young girl as I have ever seen. I remembered that the last time I had seen her was when she was looking a long good-bye to a fine, big healthy Irishman, who waved a red handkerchief wildly in the air when he might have been soaking up a few great big real tears that just ran down and splashed. It was the memory of that honest face on land that made me feel so sorry for the little white one at sea. So I went up to her, and asked her if she was saving the place beside her for anyone. Poor child—I knew she wasn't. She had been dreadfully seasick, and she didn't like walking around very much. Like myself, it was her first trip, and she, too, was greatly impressed with the enormous depth, width and wetness of the ocean. To-day she had her first look at it. I asked her (just to see if she had any sense of humor), if she didn't think Columbus must have had wonderful nerve. (I, myself, never forgot Columbus for an entire day during my whole trip.) I told

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her that I used to think that the championship for nerve belonged to the man who ate the first oyster, but now I realized the laurels had never fallen from Columbus. Daddy, she possessed a fine sense of humor, and she smiled a sweet sort of smile, and I really learned to like the girl. She wore a fearfully hobbled skirt, and she had paid for most of her hair. Her hat was one of those affairs that are worn pulled firmly down around the head. She also wore artificial violets—seasick as she had been, poor child, she was so dressy.

The girl was going abroad to meet her "mother's folks," as she called them. She had spent five long years in the "Sisters'" school getting ready for this great event, and she had a fine collection of pretty little convent manners and school-book French. She was also well supplied with enthusiasm, anticipation and self-assurance. It seemed that her mother had been a French milliner, and a little saved money and over-estimated ambition had tempted her to dream of her own millinery shop in the wonderful America—paved full of money and with all the women wanting hats. And when the sad truth became known—that the sheriff just had to sell out her little shop—she realized her eyes were too pretty to cry very long about it. So when good honest Michael Murphy asked the little "Frenchy" to share his income and name and come live in the dear little boarding house near the big saloon where he tended bar, it seemed like a fortune to one too pretty to work.

As time wore on, and little Marianna came to



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town to inherit her mother's name, disposition and eyes, Michael's fortunes had increased until they owned their own home, with side entrance, chenille curtains and pretty painted jardinières. Marianna the second had celebrated her sixteenth birthday and had made wonderful progress in the Sisters' school when the saddest thing that can happen to a girl happened to her. She lost her mother. Her chief inheritance proved to be a longing to go to France—to see the country where her mother had lived, to know her people, only to breathe the air that had nourished her mother. All the little charming graces and mannerisms that make a French woman so pleasing were hers. She is on her way to find her people. Isn't it sad, Daddy? She doesn't know where she is going. That girl has not a rap of sense and she has quantities of jewelry and seemingly an unlimited check-book. She is only eighteen years old and has no thought of a chaperone. She was, however, dreadfully depressed, chiefly from seasickness, but I think she is going to recover quickly. I hope her guardian angel keeps on the job, and I also hope she won't wish she had stayed at home with papa and the rubber plants when it is too late to get back. I shouldn't care to live over the saloon—but then, no one ever asked me to. She was used to it. I really shouldn't have filled up so many pages with Miss Murphy, Daddy, dear, when I have all of Berlin yet to tell you about.

## BERLIN.

It was dark when we reached the German capital. We had had our supper on the train, and we went directly to the Hotel Esplanade, where I am afraid Walter's telegrams must have given the management the impression that we were millionaire honeymooners. Really, the rooms reserved for us made me feel afraid that if we were obliged to pay for them we would have to swim home. But, as luck would have it, neither Grandpa nor George S. could find a vacancy in any of the other hotels, so two little brass beds were put up in our elaborate sitting room for them. Everybody took turns with the same bath-tub, and this put me on friendly terms with a variety of tooth pastes and fancy travelling soaps. So everyone was happy. I just have to mention it here, in case I should ever forget to tell the girls that one cover on the bed here suffices. It was a slippery blue satin effect, with an elaborately embroidered linen sheet buttoned on it, with lots and lots of buttons. Think of those buttonholes! But, dear knows, the beds didn't do me much good. I was out all the time.

The best time to meet a beautiful city—to see the people who really love it—is to meet it after dark. The way those Germans do love Berlin, with its lovely gay way in the lamplight, is delight-

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ful. About every fourth man is a soldier, and spurs and swords are as familiar sights as blonde moustaches and overgrown waist lines. And the beer! Oh, such beer! I'm fearfully afraid I will outgrow my meagre wardrobe on account of that beer, if it wasn't that it would never do to leave me alone in the hotel. I don't believe I would get so fat.

Grandpa has seen it all before, and he has seen so many more birthdays than the rest of us that he keeps talking all the time that he is afraid I will be tired. That's his excuse. I just remember that I have the rest of my life to rest, and George S. has said so often: "You are game, alright," that I quite feel as though I were "some pumpkins," and I prowls around with the other owls, and dear knows, I'm happy.

Unter den Linden was not the linden trees I rather expected to find, but I never missed them, I was so excited looking at the flowers. Flowers were everywhere—even around the electric light poles there were flower boxes. I wondered who watered the plants, but nobody told me. Out of almost every window there is a flower box, and a friend of Walter's, who hails from New York and lives in Berlin, told me that in summer the city authorities offer prizes for the best-looking window boxes and gardens. What an incentive that is toward maintaining a city beautiful.

Even the flat-bottomed canal boats laden with fruit are picturesque, and the canals themselves flowing through the city are simply exquisite. The

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bridges that cross them are ornamented with beautiful statues and flower boxes. We saw some masterpieces in the Museum—original Van Dykes and Rubens—and each and every picture deserved as long a look as we were obliged to share with the entire collection.

Women here sell flowers on the streets—rather gay bouquets for American taste—but here the people love flowers and even men may be seen carrying bunches of blooms wherever they go. Something struck me as being awfully funny, and, while I am among the flowers, I must mention it. The wife of the Berlin friend was having a birthday, and before we went to the theatre that evening Walter thought he had better provide a native New Yorker with a large bunch of violets. Of course, there was one for me also, and, as the size of the bunch means so much in America, Walter ordered one about the size of a baby's head. It was served to us with a stem about three inches long from each violet, and made in a series of loose little bunches and tied with an uncertain string and without the silver foil or ribbon decorations we have grown to expect. I looked at those two enormous floppy affairs, and waited for an inspiration. But it didn't amount to much. It only resulted in lots of maidenhair fern outlining the edges, and not in any way helping the handle to be any firmer.

I thought I needed three hat pins, but I found I was mistaken, for, after pinning one of those affairs securely to my chest, using a dangerous spike, my manners compelled me to offer still an-



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other pin to the birthday lady. Hats often stay on better than you think they will.

That was the night we went to the Wintergarten, and, if it hadn't been so damp and rainy outside, I might have really thought we were in the open. The theatre is about the size of the New York Hippodrome and around the walls the lights are so very bright that the fearfully dark ceiling with tiny little electric stars that twinkle all the time make one almost certain to imagine that he is out of doors.

I wonder what makes the Germans so hungry, because all through the performance food was being served. Can you imagine an American woman in a low-necked dress with a long train sitting with a nice, smiling escort in his evening clothes at a little food-table in a theatre and drinking beer and eating sausages and potato salad (with onions probably on the side) or maybe, even a cold roast beef sandwich that has to be picked up and eaten out of the hand to be thoroughly enjoyed?

Oh, now, I hope I wasn't rude, but, really, Daddy, anyone would have laughed. Grandpa kept saying to me: "Don't let these boys drag you any place after the theatre," and I said to him: "You try to be game yourself," and all the time George S., (who, by the way, is of German descent and speaks the language like a native and seems to have almost as good a thirst), was telling Walter and his transplanted New Yorker that he knew of a lovely place where it was a crime to go to sleep. We met that place later on. In case you should

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read this book to the girls, I am just going to put stars here, and take you over safely to the next day. After a hearty noonday meal at Kempinski's, where I ate a very baby chicken served in a little earthen pot that it was cooked in, and which was accompanied by a delicious sauce of stewed cherries and gooseberries that melted away as we ate it.

The sauce was almost as nice as the young girl and her bestest one who sat at the same table with us who prettily murmured and blushed sweet German nothings all through the dinner. When this girl had finished she made such a pretty little bow to me I just loved her for being a lady.

Then for a glorious afternoon in the sunshine and a taxicab. There was a little mirror in the taxi, and I could see my expression every now and then. Walter said he considered my joy worth the price of the whole trip. I wish I had been provided with an extra pair of eyes on the sides of my head. I could not see enough. The streets are the cleanest affairs I have ever seen and the long driveway through which we rode all too quickly was one delicious dream of beauty.

The long, well-kept road led us past the palace, which is the Kaiser's town house, where the flag displayed showed he was at home. Nice plan that — isn't it? Then through the long drive made by the present ruler, where rows of statues, each in its own little nook and with its little sit-around stone bench and separate flower garden, are more than I can trust myself to talk about. Fountains! And long designs of flower beds that are constantly

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changed according to the season! These attract the eye in every direction. And then the homes of the people—all placed far enough back from the street to allow for a garden and a balcony, nearly always.

Really I was so thrilled I almost wept. The drive leads through the extremely neat woods, where park guards are constantly on duty and the trees are planted with the regularity of a checker board. These trees are all kept trimmed of their lower branches, so that the sunset may peep through. And for every tree that grows crooked a chalk mark is put on it, which dooms it, and it must, therefore, go to make room for a perfect one in its place. Those trees reminded me of soldiers somehow. I shall never forget that drive through the woods, and so many people seemed to have the leisure to enjoy the woods. I think the reason the people have so much time for real pleasure is because they don't waste time on clothes. The women are so much better looking than the things they get themselves up in, and they all seem to have a total lack of taste in the blending of color of their clothes, and yet they live in such a land of flowers.

We went to Charlottenburg, and there left the taxi for awhile, for everybody is obliged to walk through the beautiful park there, as absolutely no vehicles are allowed on the grounds that led us to the mausoleum where the exquisite Louise, Queen of Prussia, lies under a gorgeous marble image of herself and her form under its gauze-like marble veil

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is so beautiful and even her slender throat is faultless. I was so anxious to see her throat because I have always been under the impression that the marine scarf she wears when she comes down the steps in the picture we all know best of her was worn to conceal a disfiguring goitre. As she lies there in the blue light in the cold marble tomb with her husband and parent, with the enormous Angel Gabriel at the door, I really felt like asking her to forgive me for even thinking that gorgeous throat has been disfigured.

The stores are better looking from an artistic point of view than the things they offer to sell. One of the stores has the most imposing entrance imaginable. It has a fountain with a mother bear in bronze and her two baby bears down where the water splashes. The flower boxes around the water are full of crisp pale pink heather.

One day Walter and George S. were going to be busy all day, so Grandpa said he would take me to the Zoo. The entrance fee is probably the reason why only such aristocratic looking children were playing in the park part of it. The children all are barelegged and are splendid wholesome specimens. I just loved these little ones. The nurses looked like Christmas-tree ornaments with huge flowing caps and full-plaited, rather short skirts, with high boots and little narrow aprons. I'll tell you more about aprons later.

When Grandpa said we would have dinner at the Zoological Garden I thought it would probably be big honey cakes and peanuts, but far from it. It



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turned out to be a most elaborate repast, which took up lots of the afternoon. It was served in a pretty place, with hanging baskets of artificial things hanging around. Grandpa knows so much about animals and he told me interesting stories about them. One thing he said was that monkeys were subject to tuberculosis. He spoke about the famous cross monkeys in Chicago, who were left outdoors when the other monks moved into winter quarters for the cold season. These cross monkeys, Grandpa says, were so fearfully cross that their keeper decided to let them freeze to death.

The monkeys, however, not only did not freeze but they acquired a better disposition and an heir—and baby monkeys in captivity are scarce. Each year the monkey house was kept cooler and cooler and the monkeys soon showed much improvement in health.

I saw a very pretty sight that afternoon, and, as luck would have it, my camera was in the hotel. It was a dear patient Great Dane mother dog bringing up some high-bred lady lioness' twins for her. A little baby leopard was with them also. The expression on the dog's face was beautiful, and I was hoping for her sake that she was not thinking of the time her foster children would grow up and, mayhap, eat her. I saw the young parents. They looked as if they might have been Lord and Lady Somebody. They were sitting on a huge stone bench, and, would you believe it, Daddy, they actually were exchanging soul kisses?

I am still in Zittau, you know, dear Daddy, and

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the great amount of leisure here is what has done so much for taking you and the girls with me in this book. I hope you will like these pictures of the market place. Sometimes I wonder if my camera should play me false how I could ever picture to you these lovely scenes. I have just taken a picture of the band, which is playing in the Market platz on a Sunday morning. The musicians are all soldiers and the crowd is standing near enough to be knocked with the outcoming end of a trombone. I loved to hear this band, and I moved up to it as close as anybody. George S. and Walter said they never knew Zittau was so lovely. They never had taken the trouble to look at anything but business men before and these specimens are far from pretty.

I loved these nice Saxon people in their Sunday best listening to the music and enjoying it thoroughly. Something made me think that the women either did not love music or else they hadn't fireless cookers, because the crowd was made up mostly of men and children. The neck fixings of the men were particularly interesting. Each and every one fancied a different variety of "dickey," and in some cases the waistcoat did not hide all the secrets it was supposed to keep from view.

The soldier cap industry certainly does flourish here. Not only soldiers but schoolboys and also postmen and cabmen all wear the same style of cap—with just the difference in color to let each other know who they are, I suppose.

I saw a crowd around a little church and I pretended it was the church I wanted to see, but I

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really wished to see if it was a wedding. I guessed aright. The guests in their party clothes at 11 o'clock in the morning, with gay bouquets, feather boas and dress suits, arrived in twos at a time, and separated in the church at the lowest pew down, each couple going one place higher, until when the buxom bride and blushing blonde groom arrived, they walked up to their little flower-decked chairs between two rows of wedding guests. I never saw that done before—did you? (New York papers please copy.)

Sunday afternoon I was given the wrong impression as to how I was to see the beautiful mountains of Oybin and to look down on Zittau as a toy village. My impression was that I was to go up the mountain in a little train, but that is where I was mistaken. The little train had started long since, and Walter and George S. said they were sure I could walk it. The first two hours weren't half bad hanging onto the two men, and it was like living in a moving picture show where we walked between two long rows of real picture postals. I told the boys about that absurd little verse of the Grump who went up in a balloon:

*Up, up and up, he mounted—  
Till he was far above the trees,  
And the houses looked like boxes—  
And the people seemed like fleas.*

It really was exquisite, and quaint little houses built on a hill. Houses that were never of the same height back and front and nearly always they

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were painted in two bright colors. I saw one which was an exquisite brown and its upstairs section a bright bird's egg blue.

Everybody had a garden, and nearly everybody had one, two or more enormous glass balls of different colors on high poles in among the flower beds. This is done to reflect the sunshine. As we looked back on Zittau it looked like a play toy and in a little while we could not see it at all. Even the sunset was finishing for the day. The object in keeping on with the walk, I afterwards discovered, was to reach a certain little inn, called Wittig-schenke, where we could rest a bit, and then we would be within a stone's throw of the upper end of the little railroad we didn't meet earlier in the afternoon.

I had grown so tired my lips were blue, and cold sweat showed on my forehead. I couldn't even speak. I only smiled and remembered a story I had heard of a criminal who was walked until he confessed his crime from sheer exhaustion. Walter told me afterwards he was terrible frightened about me, and George S., who had been to this little inn before, kept talking about the good qualities of the beer so I would not think of the bad features of the walk. The beer was really worth having when we finally did get it. With it also came nice clean bread and some very fine Schweitzer cheese.

Even though it was Sunday afternoon the mountain people were having a mild sort of dance. Nice fresh young girls in cotton crepe empire dresses danced so slowly I wondered if they also were tired.



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There are lots of linen factories up in the mountains and some of the working people have hardly ever even seen the town of Zittau. It isn't just because I'm tired to-day, Daddy, that I feel so thankful I don't have to spend the rest of my life in Zittau. It's the way they treat the women. Would you believe it, these women even shovel coal. And the Park Guards, or cleaners, are extremely elderly females with layers of petticoats and with their heads tied up in little shawls. They wear wooden shoes, and their brooms are just a lot of faggots tied to a stick. I even saw old women dragging little wagons, sharing the burden with a large dog—milk-wagons especially. But it reached the extreme limit when I saw an old-time ox-cart being dragged along by two patient, elderly cows. The streets are so narrow, and there is no set rule as to who steps aside on the little one-man-wide sidewalk.

I have grown to love this quiet little town of alleys and I have seen an awful lot of it. Walter is busy all the time here, and when we go out to walk in the moonlight everybody else seems to be asleep.

I had my travel-soiled hair washed this morning by the barber person who lived next door to the hotel. He is a skinny little Saxon with a scrappy yellow beard, and a fuzzy green Norfolk jacket. I led him to believe it was my hair I wanted washed when I entered his shop and he guessed as much when I showed him my brush and comb and cake of soap. The conversation was mostly "wig-wag" and I thought it most appropriate for a bar-

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ber shop, but I couldn't tell him so. The little son and heir of the shop returned from school about noontime. He was led into the hair-washing department by his grandmother, and he bestowed upon me a solemn handshake. I was afraid I would get soap in my eyes if I took a very long look at the child, so I just smiled some more "wigwag" talk.

The barber person's keen delight was quite embarrassing, as he watched with uncontrolled admiration the skill with which, with the aid of a well-washed switch, I could make my ninety-seven hairs appear to be two hundred and sixty. People here seem never to tire of my feet. I have always found them sufficient, but it seems here the women grow them more luxuriantly, and have firmer bases upon which to stand. I am perfectly contented with the size of mine, but they are not considered adequate by the natives here, and they choose to laugh at me. Americans do not often bring their wives to Zittau, and it seems I am a sort of curiosity. We spent the day in Reichenburg, to-day. It is in Bohemia, and the hotel is called the Goldene Löwen, and I sat quietly by the window with my tatting, while Walter conversed with the man he came to see. This person, thank goodness, can speak English, and he smiles all the time, and he feels that I need nourishment. Therefore, a bottle of the most delicious sweet wine was placed on the window-sill beside me, with lots of the fanciest little fancy cakes I have ever met. We had a fish course with the dinner, and our host, who comes a four hours' ride

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from a much higher spot in the mountains, tells us that his children, who stay in their native city, have never even seen a fish. Imagine being so far inland as all that.

I have often wondered since if that man thought his wife required as many drinks as he seemed to think so essential to showing Walter's wife a nice time. I should be quite dead now if I had taken them all. With the aid of two near dead horses, we later on saw the town. I don't see how those poor old beasts ever managed to run up the cobblestone hilly streets the way they did, unless it was, as I suggested to Walter, some one had just given them an oat. They didn't die, however, while I was around, and the place where we landed was called "Volks Garten," and lots and lots of chatty old and young and middle-aged females come there in the afternoon and run races with each other as to who knits fastest and to drink beer and listen to the music, thus accomplishing all three things at once, and seemingly having a very pleasant time.

I was glad not to see those horses again. It was much nicer to walk past some beautiful homes and finally land at a place where the programme led me to believe was called the "Meiningees Variete." There was a stage at the end of the place, and lots and lots of little tables, so close together that the crooking of the arm made necessary by drinking the everpresent beer was more than apt to knock the arm of some one else doing the very same thing. The poor little painted ladies, who did their best to amuse, would edge their way among the tables

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after their "stunt" was over, trying to persuade people to buy their picture or book of songs. One man sang funny songs so well that, even though I didn't understand a word, I applauded as loud as anyone because he was so awfully funny.

## VIENNA.

It took us and our valises ten long hours to get here, and it was well worth the trip. There wasn't any dining car on the train, and while the boys and myself conversed about our "gone" feelings, a sweet little foreign lady in the same compartment with us untied a lumpy looking bundle, which proved to be a lunch, and when she offered me a beautiful sandwich, and said in the most charming broken English I have ever heard: "Will you accept this?" I could have kissed her I was so glad. And as there was sufficient to go around, we all devoured them with the relish of a tramp at a back-door, and thus we all became well acquainted.

I am so glad we met her, she was so charming. She was born in Vienna and lived in Gablonz, in Bohemia, where the paste jewelry is made. Her English was so perfectly lovely that it made me blush all over to remember my French and total lack of German. How much lovelier a woman is who takes the time to study. I wish I had known all this at school. Our stay in Vienna is such a stingy little stay. There is so much to see, so much that is beautiful and so little time to see it.

The Church of Stephansdom is so perfectly wonderful I am not going to tell you all about it—when it was started and when it was finished, how many square feet it covers, and all that sort of



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thing. I know you don't care a rap about its size. Let the pictures suffice, and take my word for it. It's dreadfully scary inside. The University and the Museum are lovely, but we had to be contented with quick looks from a taxicab.

The women are so charming here, and the children are so beautiful, and everything blends with such exquisite taste. I was particularly struck with the economy of the newspaper industry. In America two or three people, perhaps, read the same paper; but here dozens do. The coffee houses are most attractive, and it is here that the great masses congregate to read the news while they sip their coffee. I couldn't help but wonder how a young mother who was obliged to remain at home with the baby ever gained the news, because the coffee houses were so full of men, who, being satiated with the news in the coffee houses, need not take the paper home. So many of the men wore what Walter calls a "married man's derby," and they looked like family men. I never really knew what good coffee was before, and I particularly enjoyed the "melange," which is a sort of warm coffee, served in a tall glass with whipped cream flowing over the edges. Isn't this a funny one? Imagine it for America, large compotes of fancy coffee cakes and seeded breads are put on each table, and the waiter positively takes your word how many cakes you eat. If you eat three and you only pay for one he wouldn't dare dispute the loss. But then each customer is obliged to tip two waiters, so even a cheating diner has to make it up anyhow.

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I love the Church of "Mary Helf." It dates back to 1603, and is so quaint and solemn and the beautiful faith of the people just made us all kneel down and be glad to be alive. I have such absolute faith in knowing that a wish will be granted that is asked for solemnly and in earnest on the first visit to a new church that I am storing up some beautiful things for the future.

Brains, health, wealth and prosperity for all of us. What I want really most George S. and Walter tell me wouldn't be fair to ask, because I never would get it. Publishers to beg me for stories and dressmakers to memorize my shape are the two most important things.

Last evening we went to the Apollo Theatre. Grandpa wanted to go to the opera and had put on his evening clothes. George S. and Walter had been working all day and they said they would get the fidgets at the opera. They wanted something light, and we got it light. Would you believe it, Daddy? There was nothing heavy about the place but the atmosphere, and that was helped along by a man who came out every now and again with an enormous tin syringe for all the world like that affair to take the bugs off the rose bushes, and he would squirt a disinfectant into the air that would disperse the odor of beer and tobacco smoke for another little while. Stupid advertisements would be flashed on the curtain between the acts just to try your patience for what was to follow. The first two acts were of the "common or garden" variety, and I was beginning to wish we had taken Grand-

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pa's advice, when Simone de Beryl took her turn. She wore a pretty little pink silk union suit, and stood up against a white background simply having to change her pose as one delicious effect after another would be flashed her way.

Just think of the simplicity of being clad merely in imagination, and so becomingly, too. Once she was a peacock. Then again she had a pink chiffon scarf and a blossom tree. Once she was so thickly concealed in a fluffy Japanese costume that only her face and hands showed. After she had been a butterfly and lots of other things she became the central "It" in a fountain with real splashing water. Then, when she went home to take a nap, Odette Valery showed what a splendid constitution she had by not catching cold. Dancing around almost entirely barefooted to the neck, with the exception of two yards and a quarter of the most delicious shade of deep pink chiffon. She danced with a snake. I never could bear snakes. I didn't see how any woman could tolerate them, and I looked around to see if any of the boys might think I was afraid of the snake, but none of them remembered I was alive.

Did you have anything in the papers at home about the young King of Portugal? There were lots of pictures of him in the papers here and I do wish I could read German. It's a great disadvantage not to understand it, but that's not what I was telling you about. It was petite Gaby Deslys. She acted in a sort of little French play as a sweet young flower girl. Then there was a youth, Francois, who



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sold newspapers and admired little Gaby, and a nice handsome young husband, in a cape coat and collapsible hat. She wore some wonderful clothes and a hat with yards of willow plumes when she danced in a rathskeller. Then there was a dressing scene in a boudoir, and what followed I'll let Walter tell you when he comes home. Finally, the lover and the husband clasped hands with little Gaby between them, and everybody is happy. The boys did not seem to be a bit disappointed about missing the opera.

## PARIS.

I have been through such gorgeous country that it scarcely seems real. The little train we were in was really full-size, but it seemed like a play-toy, it was so much smaller than the grandeur around it. The foliage around us was all brown and gold for the autumn, and as the eye would follow the rich beauty of color the greens would turn to gray, and as the mountains met the sky the blue grays would whiten into snow tips. Little streams of ice-cold melted snow ran down the mountains and kept on going and going faster than the train that seemed to be going towards them. Now and then a lonely little home, and then again a village, and tiny people and animals, and now and then a tall chimney of a factory, sometimes a spire of a church, but often little shrines, where a crucifix in a tiny wooden shed with some rocks and bushes around it stands bravely through all weathers for encouragement to travellers. Who could forget God's great love for man when they look at such a country?

In big cities there is so much to divert people's minds that they sometimes forget, but here alone with sky and nature the soul has a chance to grow. It's gorgeous, Daddy, but even so I don't believe I could thrive here, and it wouldn't be because the air wasn't pure, but, like the great majority of the rest of us, I love a soft rug, a good table and mod-

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ern plumbing. It was quite late when we arrived in Innsbruck and the air was so high up in the clouds I could hardly breathe. There wasn't one of us who hadn't cramps in our legs, and the compartment shrunk to the size of a pill-box before we left it. The room in the hotel was colder than outdoors, and an enormous colored glass chandelier, big enough for a banqueting hall, stood that dreadful cold without cracking, and the white-tiled chimney effect in the corner was really a stove when it was working. But it didn't work.

In spite of the fact that our call was for 5:30 next morning those gay boys said that I may never see Innsbruck again and it seemed as sad to them that I never should as it would be to leave me alone with that awful chandelier. Anyhow, we all had cramps in our legs, so what difference did it make? The air was so queer that we had to run, and nearly everybody in the native line had gone to bed, except those in one of those ever-open holes in the ground where the beer is always good and there is always something to make it worth the trip.

This time besides the beer it was the interesting paintings around the wall representing scenes from grand opera, and the kellernerine was really a beautiful girl. It was a pity she has to stay up so late. Grandpa told her in German something about the roses on her cheeks, and after that the man brought the rest of the beer. George S. said he never saw such a butter-in as Grandpa, and Walter wouldn't tell me what Grandpa really said.

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It was late night when we reached Paris, and the ride as far as our eyes were concerned was simply gorgeous between naps, but our backs were so tired we couldn't even mention them. I wonder why the stewards hurry you up so with dinner and supper on the train when the dining car is so much more comfortable than the compartments. There are always two kinds of meat besides some awful doughy dessert with lumpy things in it. We managed to have a good time anyway and George S. knew what part of the country we were passing all the time, and we all pretended to believe him because he had such a sure way of telling us just where we were without even seeing the station signs.

Really, after dark that car was so warm I was afraid we would all be cooked, but Paris was worth it all, as we arrived in the moonlight that was being outdone by the electric lights. The streets were so crowded that everything seemed to move as if in a solid mass. Really, Daddy, I was astonished to see how many people were up so late. Little wicker tables with chairs to match are on the sidewalks in front of the cafés, and people sit there with their wine and cigarettes and watch the moving throng of people all trying to have a good time. Such wonderful clothes and such painted faces. The women here who enjoy the evening air never seem to wear their faces in the natural state. Always lots of paint.

Plenty of fashion book clothes and all these little picture people eagerly pushing forward, appar-

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ently going somewhere, and yet they would pass again and again as if looking for something.

We enjoyed a delicious dinner next day where they have a Turkish-clad colored man, who speaks good French and makes his life's work to remember men's hats and sees that each man, no matter how he has dined, receives his own hat on leaving without the help of a check. It's a good thing to do well whatever you have to do, and the red-bloomered person just mentioned had talents to run that way.

We bought a taxicab for the afternoon, and besides seeing two walking funerals to whom all male passersby respectfully took off their hats, we also saw three wedding parties, where the bride and groom in all their wedding finery sit proudly in the first carriage while the guests follow in other carriages and drive through the Bois du Boulogne. We went as far as Auteuil, the place where they have the races, but it wasn't the season, and I imagine the place is more attractive when it is gayer.

This evening I shall always remember. We had gone to the Folies Bergères to see some other things and Otero, the wonderful Spanish dancer. She certainly is wonderful, but I don't see how she can tolerate dancing in her bare feet. I suppose because dancing that way is more difficult to do is the reason it is thought so much of nowadays.

Old French women dressed as ushers push a little wooden stool under every woman's feet as soon as she is seated with a bunch of wraps on her



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lap. Then they come around in a few minutes and demand a tip: "Pour la service." It was lovely to watch other people being caught after we had been. The foyer of the theatre is as large as the theatre itself, I think. There is music there during the intermissions, and the soft red carpet, the palms and the fountain, I imagine are always there. But the moving crowd of people. That's the thing.

We stood on the balcony and looked down. George S., who knows so much, says that the women who parade around the place, have their clothes given to them to start the fashions, and the dressmakers from all over the world copy Paris styles that they find on these models, who appear to be having such a jolly time. I had actually to look twice, I couldn't believe my eyes, when I saw a radiantly-beautiful girl in a black chiffon velvet evening gown look up at the balcony and recognize me. There was something about the hair, and those soft questioning eyes that I shall never forget. I recognized at once Marianna Murphy, and she really seemed awful glad to see me.

The first thing I knew Marianna was fairly flying up the stairs, with a dapper nicely-manicured little Frenchman at her heels. She kissed me. There was no helping it. The boys said if I didn't like it, why didn't I ask them to stand for it for me? But what could I do? There was little Marianna, in a real French party dress, and introducing me to her fiance, if you please. She was going to be married, and she had written to papa,

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but she hadn't heard from him yet. It is easier to judge from a woman's evening clothes than it is from a man's the exact amount of the bank account, and I do hope Marianna's newly-acquired possession was not a mercenary heiress-hunter. She said she was going to call on me at the hotel next day, and as I told her where we were staying Walter wouldn't let me go back to the hotel until after the theatre, another supper, and then some. So that is how I missed her. But I found her card, and I hope, poor child, her father will be willing to support them both.

The Paris shops are so exciting and alluring on the outside. But don't cross the threshold unless you intend to purchase. And don't try to purchase unless you have more money than self-control. In the Bon Marche, where everybody goes to buy their gloves and silk stockings, any one can walk around perfectly free. Nobody bothers you until you bother them. But in the smaller and more beautiful stores it is quite another matter. The way I found all this accounts for a little bronze lady, done up only in tissue paper, in my hand-bag. I saw the bronze lady sleeping in a shop window, and before Walter knew what had happened I had walked boldly into the shop intending to purchase the treasure. When I heard the price I remembered I needed a hat, and perhaps I did not look so anxious as I had at first. But the shopkeeper host was not to be daunted by the changed expression on an American's face. He thought he would lose a purchaser. So he pro-

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ceeded to entertain us, first by showing us a nice tall bronze girl standing with her bare feet close together, her fingers touched and pointed outward, and when a little music box started to play the arms of the girl slowly opened and her heavy bronze cloak she held moved back with her arms. The whole shop was full of such little surprises. A clothes-brush that played a tune to cheer one while being tidied up, a cane with electric lights in it, another with cigarettes, and so on. Americans call them catchpennnys. And lots of other lovely little things. But as I say, the shops are not kept open merely to amuse the people, and that is why I have the little bronze lady, and I haven't even taken her out of her box yet. Walter's expression about my taste somewhat dampened my ardor.

We went for a few restful hours to the Notre Dame. It is magnificent and wonderful. I was awed and delighted, and, tired as my feet were, I rejoiced in them, because I kept thinking of the millions of dead feet that had walked over the very same spot where I was standing. We saw the little church railed off in the middle of the big church, where the altar and steps, candelabra, etc., are just the same as the day when Napoleon and Josephine were married there. The statue of Jeanne d'Arc is exquisite, and so are many others. There is an awfully scary statue of an elderly marble grandfather coming out of a coffin with the lid partly lifted, and a lady, presumably his marble wife, being very much astonished.

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Don't think, dear Daddy, I'm not seeing Europe intelligently, only I'm telling you the kind of things you won't find in any other but this home-made scare of a book. There are plenty of guide books for those who want them. I enjoy everything, and do you know, I am travelling a real Madame Sans Gene. Do you know, I don't even know the money, Walter is so considerate.

## BRUSSELS.

For this magnificent city, dear Daddy, I'm going to let you look at the guide-books and picture postals. Let me mention here casually that I am perfectly infatuated with the lace shops and a white wine that is made from white grapes and called some pretty name. It is just the most delicious thing I ever tasted. Chablis is the name, in case you should ever meet it. A dear old French lady in the same compartment with us coming from Paris stood on the seat to put her little hand-bag on the rack above her, and unfortunately she put her hip through the window, and the draught from then on was more than we needed. She was so sorry, dear old soul, but we all had to sit with our top-coats on, and she thought that no one saw that it was a rosary she held on her lap under her spread-out handkerchief. Her face was so sweet and placid, she didn't look like the kind of woman who would put her hip through a window.

The fire at the Exposition must have been a truly dreadful affair, and I have heard that the loss by it can never be replaced, especially to England, which had loaned such a remarkable and rare collection of antiques. There were some few things saved, among them a piece of tapestry of rare value, while its companion piece burned to cinders. Just think of the conscience of the man who per-



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suaded so many people to lend their treasures to an exhibition. Furniture and silverware that for generations had belonged to the same families were there, and even one man's entire collection of model pieces of furniture, the work of a lifetime. All went, as I saw in an English magazine, to serve as fertilizer for the fields of Belgium.

The Italian marbles were lovely, and so many orders had been taken for reproductions that some of them had cards pinned on them in long strips six or eight yards long. The Rubens building was beautiful. Some one had a glorious imagination in reproducing a said-to-be exact copy of Rubens' studio, and copies of the beautiful original paintings we saw in the museum in Berlin. In the woman's building I saw a couple of poor girls making willow plumes and maribou stuffs. Both things were so miserably fuzzy that they would get into the girls' eyes, noses and mouths. Some one always suffers for some other one's vanity. Isn't it strange and hardly fair?

We had a sauerkraut dinner in one of the exhibition buildings. It is the German building, I believe, and the music is lovely. The church chimes are heard every now and then. The place was called Alt Nuremberg. It was rather a sad affair, because we parted company here for a two weeks' separation. Walter was taking me to a little Belgian town, where I was to live in a perfectly French household, completely at their mercy, so I imagined then. We were to meet the boys again in London, and go together to Ireland, then to

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Liverpool to sail for home. Grandpa told me I had regular exposition feet. He had been to so many more expositions than I had, and we all agreed upon the vital subject of being somewhat weary. However, the dinner was cheerful, and George S. said it was his birthday. None of us believed him, and for telling such a shameless one he was obliged to pay for the repast.

## ISEGHEM, BELGIUM.

We changed cars at Courtrai, and it was here that we met our Belgian host. He does not speak one word of English, and, as my French comes from the head and not the heart, I had a little difficulty in conversing, until I could become more accustomed to it. Madame, however, is delightful, and she wished to practice the English of a one year's study in England in her girlhood. And she wanted me to talk to her in my own tongue, but as far as the children are concerned I just have to talk wigwag to them. My French at school seemed to be good. To these dear sweet Belgian children it is gibberish. There is Julien and Yvonne and Marcel, whose grandfather says he has "uncœur d'or," and Rachel, George and "Petite Coco." Coco is evidently just a love name, because when she edges up sideways for the someone who is always ready to love her her mother will say "she know she Coco."

The house is entirely unheated except for the big comfortable kitchen, where the canary sings merrily and the potted plants flourish and the most delicious meals are concocted. There is a crucifix over the range, and a little row of shoes warming, while the children wear their felt slippers in the evening. It is here that early in the morning Lora the maid screws the ear-rings into each little girl's

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ears and helps with buttons and shoe-laces. The dining room is also warm, and it is used as a living room as well. The great dining table does very nicely for evening games. There was a piano in this room, and, as all the children are home from boarding school for the Saints' days (they come the last of October and are holidays,) the piano is working all the time. Isn't it nice here, instead of a holiday on Saturday the free day for school children is Thursday. So the children, therefore, do not have two off days together the way they do at home. The house here is so awfully cold and the hall has its full share of chills, having walls and floor of cold clean white marble. And the bed-rooms have the windows open all the time. And the floors are painted to look like carpets. No one seems to have the everlasting colds in which the Americans indulge, and we both feel so well it would be a mighty poor time for either Walter or myself to have to order winter furnace coal or logs for the fireplace.

The streets are narrow in this little Belgian town, and a one-story house or a tiny shop will be close to an imposing four-story dwelling. Nearly every house of any prominence whatsoever has an old-fashioned reflector, or "busy-body" out of the best parlor window. This arrangement is carefully brought in at night when all the shutters are locked downstairs. On the smaller streets about every tenth house will have an old-time fagot broom outside the door half-raised as if for a flag-pole. This does not indicate, as I imagine, that

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the brooms or brushes are made there, but rather it is a sign as well known as the barber poles, meaning that the door below is the entrance to a public eating place, where the dreadful sour Belgian beer is sold. A smelly oily lamp makes the place cheerful in the evening, and the open door serves the same purpose in the day-time. The brush industry flourishes almost as extensively as the linen manufactures here. The latter are most interesting.

At four o'clock in the morning you can hear the clanking of wooden shoes on the cobble stones as the linen workers are hurrying to work.

The beautiful science of plumbing has not reached this picturesque little town as far as I have been able to see, except for one large cold water spigot in the kitchen sink and another not quite so large but much colder in the garden. There is something nice about that garden, however, and its great delicious Belgian pear trees. The same pears that we see at home in pink waxed papers and cotton batting in the windows of the fruit stores grow here in this very garden. The trees from their infancy are trained to stick close to the wall, and the branches are bent sideways, then up, forming most pleasing square effects. And those big delicious grapes that only sick people at home ever have, grow here in a little glass house and hang in heavy clusters from the ceiling. Fruit is always called "dessert," and the wonderful concoction from the "pâtissier de fin" is called the "sweet."



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It is usually elaborate and exciting, at least for company.

It was good to get back to the nice big warm dining room after this afternoon, when we all went in our host's comfortable touring car to an open field some miles away to see a biplane perform. The noisy little French person who risked her life for our amusement wore a gray divided skirt, with old-fashioned bicycle clamps, holding it around her ankles. She also wore a long white woollen sweater and cap and borrowed a "journal" to put over her breast for her bird-like flight. I had the same nervous uncomfortableness as I always have when I see circus people on the stage or in a tent risking their lives on a trapeze or in a high pyramid of themselves. It seems so useless, and yet we could not help but enjoy anything so wonderful. Just before the little wheels leave the ground the propeller goes so fast that the draught it makes sends dry leaves skiting along with people's hats. It is an awe-inspiring sight to see anything leave the earth with such agility and to watch it until it is no larger than the gulls that follow the sea-going ships. Finally, the affair turns and comes back to the very spot it left a while ago, and fluttering like a bird, it alights with wonderful grace. Personally, I should prefer an automobile. The comfort of a closed car with electric light on a drizzly night appeals to me far more than daring to defy the laws of gravity in an air-ship.

I'm glad to-day is Sunday. I just feel like a nice rest with my own people in this book. Last

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night for supper we had large platters full of "crevette," and in real English they are called little pink shrimps. The noon-day meal is always so elaborate that supper is always a thick beefsteak and something else. Madame has confided to me that a thick steak of this kind, enough to serve twelve people, costs all of two francs, that is, about forty cents. The "something else" proved to be, in this case, the shrimps. That, as I said, was served on two enormous platters and eaten with the fingers.

Julien sat next to me, and, in spite of his manly efforts to teach me in pantomime just how I should twist the little pink affairs to make them come out of their shells, I would be sure to break nearly all of them. Last night we had raw oysters for the surprise, and they were served on the same two enormous platters, and had their lids on. They had been loosened, but the top shell was there all right. Every one eats at least a dozen. The reason for this unusual display of sea-food stuffs was because we had been to Ostend, and there our host ordered the seashore products. While we were enjoying our supper two friends of the children dropped in for a few minutes' call. The boy had received a soldier uniform only ten days ago, and Julien was anxious to try on the great top-coat, hat and belt. The oldest son in every Belgian household becomes a soldier when he is eighteen years old. He must live at the barracks, but has the privilege to continue his education at his parents' expense, of course.

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His sister seemed so proud of him that it evidently is considered a nice thing to be eighteen and a soldier. Of course, our trip to Ostend was in a gorgeous car, and Jules, the chauffeur, is evidently weather-proof, because the day was far from fair, except for the cheerful laughter inside the car. Our first stop was at the beautiful ancient city of Bruges. The sun came out for us and the chimes were musically announcing the noon hour. We saw the town hall with the old paintings that represented different historic events that have taken place in Bruges. The room in which the paintings are exhibited is really magnificent, with a fireplace at one end fully ten feet high and above the mahogany wainscoting around this famous "great hall" are twelve beautiful paintings. They represent: "Return of the Brugeois from the Battle of the Golden Spurs at Courtrai in 1302," "The Foundation of the Order of the Golden Fleece by Philip of Burgundy at Bruges in 1413." One of the paintings represents a church scene in 1101, and still another shows the method of printing by movable type in Bruges by John Britto in 1446. Of course, the paintings are modern; it's only the story they tell that's old. But the colors are so lovely and the horses and dogs in them so exquisite. All of the principal places in Bruges that the traveller just must not miss are together circling a large open space. The church is next to the town hall and the hotel close beside them. The church is called the Chappelle du Saint Sang, and it was

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built in 1619, and the chapel under it in 1844. The original floor of this chapel has been covered over except in one little space where a little dark altar stands in a corner. There was a tiny light burning there, and also little wax objects representing the part of the person who has been cured of some fearful ailment by faith and prayers in the little chapel. There were lots of tiny wax legs, and arms and heads, each about four inches long, and one pair of crutches about large enough for a boy of ten.

I should love to know the story that belonged to those poor discarded crutches. The guide who took us through the church would lift up part of the floor with a big ring like a cellar door and he would explain in a big solemn voice just who it was who was buried in that dreadful dark hole. To see the upstairs we must go out into the street again. Up a few steps and obey a sign which says to ring the bell. We all pay another quarter apiece and this time have a young girl guide, who talks such quick French that we cannot understand a word. But in a little while I understood why the precaution was taken to allow only a few people at a time and then only in this part of the church with a guide. The possessions are so precious. We saw one solid silver massive altar and another carved wooden one that was as exquisite as a cameo. Then, in one of the upstairs rooms, there was a collection of paintings. Some of them were attributed to Van Eyck. They were framed

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like the little three-piece mirrors that fold up, and we were told the reason the colors were so wonderfully preserved was because they were painted with white of eggs and wax. Such faith as one puts in a guide who is supposed to know and imparts information so glibly that it wouldn't seem dignified to doubt. We saw many other wonderful treasures here besides the "Relic" in a wonderful case of gold and real precious stones that had been donated by kings and queens. There is even a little crown hanging in this wonderful gold affair. It is all under a heavy glass case and is riveted to a stand. Bruges, like many other European cities, has water streets, with bridges and houses that should they have cellars most certainly would be damp.

Into the car we all climbed again to proceed on our way to Ostend. I have much more to tell you of Ostend than merely to waste time on that splendid dinner, but had we not been fortified with the extra weight and warmth of that dinner and its wines I am sure we would have been blown off that fearful draughty boardwalk. Never have I felt such a persistent draught except on the very front of a steamer. I imagine Ostend in season is a very delightful place, almost as nice as Atlantic City, but not quite, except for the "Kursaal," which is an enormous building that was resting for the winter. It was here the late King of Belgium, Leopold II, entertained his friends. There was a large golden bust of the monarch in the lobby that I have no doubt caused him a great deal of pride.



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It was well he was too dead to hear what our dear Belgian friends said about him as they passed his portrait. This wonderful "Kursaal," I imagine, is a very imposing sight when it is at its very gayest, with plenty of dancing, music, gambling, daring and sinning. What those old walls could tell us would be interesting indeed, but all in French. It seemed almost undignified to see the place thus in negligée, with its enormous chandeliers in the ball-room lowered to the floor and swathed in huge white cloths. And all the red plush divans covered with still more dust-proof clothes. I know they were red plush. One of the Belgian children wanted to peep and I helped him. By the way, those little boys drink wine as freely as the grownups. Their parents never hesitate to give it to them, and they never seem to feel it. Such wonderfully healthy children as they are, too. In all that bitter cold they were bare-legged and never seemed to notice the cold at all.

One day before we left our friends we were taken to see the wonderful lace that is made in this country. You who know my penchant for real lace can imagine my delight. Why, I was simply distracted. The lace was displayed in the home of a relative of our hostess, who is a thoroughly charming woman. The lace is made by the peasant women and they bring it to her. She then has it made up into the thousand and one things that are of value to the very wealthy of America and kings and queens.

From the tiny tumbler doily to a magnificent bed-

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spread, all in the tiniest stitches of handwork, the lace was displayed on a large blue plush screen, where it would stick without being held. Madame and her picturesque maid, Bette, would show us one creation after another, each being more charming than the last.

I was really distressed to leave our Belgian friends. They have taught me so much that I shall never forget.

## AMSTERDAM-HOLLAND.

Six hours after leaving Brussels we arrived in Amsterdam, with an accent on the last syllable. It was 1:30, and a pitch-black rainy night. Our possessions were on top of a cab, from which we had just alighted to be greeted with the cheerful news that Walter's advance message to hold a room for us had not been received, and every room in the hotel was occupied. I was hungry, too, and terribly tired, and I tried not to remember I had a home. And I just wouldn't let myself think of you and the girls. I even tried to engage Walter in a pleasant conversation while we waited in the night clerk's little office watching him being unsuccessful as he would call up one hotel after another to hear them say the place was "complet," as they say of the street cars in Paris. After awhile a place was found where we could rest ourselves and a Dutch bed is better than no bed at all at that time of night. And when the morning with its sunshine arrived things didn't seem half bad. When we looked out of the window to see what size hurdy-gurdy could make such loud music we saw a beautiful city with water streets. There is no railing along the sidewalks, and I don't see what it is that prevents the entire population from drowning in their thoroughfares. Of course, grownups know what to expect, but I should think the children would have to

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have an experience to keep them on their guard. Talk about economy. A two-cent car ticket will bring you back to the hotel again, with its return stub, but you have to remember to take the same numbered car. The cars all have numbers over here, and you have to remember the correct number and not to rely on the signs the way we do at home. The numbers are large and at the upper end of the trolley pole. It was in the Museum that we met the funniest and most friendly guide that it has so far been our luck to encounter. He briefly called Walter "gentleman," and he told us even more than was due us at twenty cents an hour. I believe that man could make a fortune on the Keith circuit if he would be contented to be just himself. I was so sorry the other boys were not with us. They would have loved that person. Another friendly way he had was to pick up a New York widow, whom he had guided the day before. He met her in the Museum, and, after whispering to her awhile, he came over to us as first customers. He felt it due us to know if we objected to having the lady "guided" with us also. Indeed, we didn't. She bubbled over with fun, and to use her own expression the only foreign language she knew was "table d'hôte French." I can't leave that Museum without telling you some of the things we saw. First of all, about the famous "Night Watch," by Rembrandt. It has a room all to itself, and it is worth an entire suite. Why, the thing seems fairly alive. It's almost uncanny, and I don't wonder the people here love that picture so much. We saw plenty more

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pictures and lots of old china, furniture and even old carriages that had been discarded by kings and queens, and I was particularly delighted with the dress of Madame de Pompadour. I kept thinking how she had said "Après nous la deluge" for the benefit of school-books, and I don't wonder she was a luxury-loving person. She didn't even have to carry her own parasol, and the person who did have to carry it was obliged on account of her hoops and train to walk so far behind that the parasol handle had two hinges in it. There were her little wooden-looking shoes with square toes and red heels and her fan and fichu. And all these things have lasted as perhaps your possessions and mine will last after our souls have gone to meet their fate and our bodies are dust for worms. That is not a pleasant thought, but this prowling around among antiques and looking at the lasting things that belonged to people who have gone and who not by wishing could have added one inch to their stature or one day to their lives set me thinking. It's good to be alive, and it's wise to make the best of it while we have it.

*"While we live we live in clover;  
When we're dead we're dead all over."*

The Museum closes at three and we were fairly hustled through long rows of glass cases, filled with life-size wax figures of men, women and children dressed in the native Dutch costumes of generations gone by. Even jewelry bedecked these scary



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things, and the clothes were wonderful and dreadful, and probably at the time they were made were the subjects of much consideration. I was particularly taken with the information that was given to us as honest truth that in the days gone by in Holland the orphans were obliged to wear a distinctive garb to distinguish them as parentless. We saw the outlandish affair they were supposed to wear, and what is more this guide person told us that the Catholic and Protestant orphans were obliged to dress differently in small matters like the arrangement of a hat brim or the lapels of a coat. Imagine Americans standing for any distinctive sign of belief showing in their apparel, except, of course, nuns, or Salvation Army lassies. Why, I know a woman whom even the wedding ring hurts. One of the reasons I didn't believe everything that guide person said, was because of a rare and ancient Delft cow in a glass case that evidently was a possession of rare value. He led Walter to it solemnly and in a dramatic tone remarked: "Gentleman, a bull." But the way he pronounced it was the funniest part of it all. All this happened on Friday afternoon, and the guide led us to believe he had a wonderful treat in store for us. He led us through the mud-covered streets of Amsterdam, always tripping ahead with that friendly smile, and every now and then stopping to give us a little treatise on something or other and explaining things so graphically that several times we had quite a little crowd around us. He took us to a Jewish synagogue, where women were not welcome, and

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the widow and myself were taken to the first row balcony and were hidden behind a cross-barred wooden screen affair. Then men and boys were singing downstairs, and their voices were magnificent. It was a most impressive spectacle, and the place was entirely lighted by candles, and there were sufficient of them to make it quite brilliant.

He took us to another synagogue, and then to the Catholic Church of Moses and Aaron. It was a beautiful church and I should have liked to have seen the carvings in a better light, but we were hurried through a side passage and stopped for one stinging peep into the priests' kitchen, which was the whitest and bluest I have ever seen. The range was set deep in its own little cubby hole, and a clean white valance was stretched above it. There was also a beautiful old-fashioned secretary and mirror hanging over it. It was, indeed, a most picturesque kitchen.

Before we left our friend for the day he took us to a place where we could find something to warm us up after our walk through so much drizzle and dampness. Two old Dutch ladies, with their dresses buttoned up fearfully tight with hard, marble-like buttons, kept the place. All around the wall were old-fashioned jugs and bottles. Some of them seemed to be lacquer ware and were hand-painted with dark views. There were lots of customers crowded into the little shop and around the one counter, where the wonderful cordial was placed in a little wide-rimmed glass, so full that every one has to stoop over and place their lips to the glass before

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they can raise it. The widow, the guide, Walter and myself all indulged in this delicious affair called Wynand Fockink—and this particular cordial is “half en half,” and it goes where it is most needed. In my case, I think it was my toes.

I should like to transport those old ladies, their shop, their methods and their cordials, the wide open door and the little sink to wash the sticky glasses—everything just as it is—to the busiest corner on Broadway, and then when Carnegie was a poor man compared with me—I would send the old ladies home to die with the Dutch.

I was told not to leave Amsterdam without going to Krasnopolsky's. You don't say that word. You just spell it. The music is perfectly delightful there, and the food is all right. But it was the flowers that delighted me most. It's just an enormous conservatory restaurant, called the “Winter-tuin.” The flowers are gorgeous and in such splendid condition for a place with so many people going in and out all the time. Prize chrysanthemums and great big palms and hanging baskets with blended greens and long strings of ivy, and then through a little door at the end into a garden spot, with pebbled walks and borders of real flowers growing indoors. And orchids, and lilies, with bows of gauze ribbon tied on them. It is really lovely. There is lots more to Holland beside the cheese markets, and the little villages with the wind-mills and the flat canal boats on which people live and seemingly in safety. I saw plenty of pictures of the Queen and “Het Primsenje,” which means

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a real live baby girl who will be queen herself some day.

In spite of it all we left Holland and took the night boat, where we slept so good and sound we were not ready to be awakened at five o'clock the next morning by the herald of the ship with his trumpet, warning all people they were in England, and that a train was ready to take them to London. Why, would you believe it, Daddy, even the advertisements in the train looked good to me. English is a beautiful language and I missed it. German and French are musical, and lead us on to Holland, with all the unnecessary j's, i's and w's until I was distracted with their awful language. And it certainly was a relief to see and hear English again.

## LONDON.

Sunday morning is by no means the best time to meet London, but then it's nice and quiet for just looking. But every place is closed. We kept our eyes open, and we didn't exactly die. It was Walter's idea to take an old-time hansom cab, instead of a taxi, to go for an afternoon's outing. His idea was that I would see more leisurely than if we hurried by in an automobile. The idea was all right. The trouble was with the cabman. He was swathed in layers of rags, and looked as if Dickens had written him up and Cruikshanks had drawn him down. We managed to get considerable fun out of him, and that driving slow idea of Walter's was all right. The poor beast was nearly dead, anyhow, and the old cabby's "Do you know this place, sir?" was lots of fun until we got tired of it.

What a wonderful place this London is, and so delightful to view the scenes we have all read about. I had read "The Greatest Wish in the World" coming over on the steamer, and I went through London with his book people. To go back to the old driver, he drove us around for about two hours, when he suddenly became overcome with thirst, and, being pretty much at his mercy, we just patiently waited in front of a little speak-easy (and it was Sunday in London), until our old man returned. It was all a bluff. He didn't intend taking us back



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just then. He only wished to borrow two cents to fee another drunken old soul, who held his wild beast's head while our old man refreshed himself with "still another." He evidently liked the Tower Bridge because he drove us forward and back on that magnificent structure several times. I have a fine photograph of it, but I didn't get it then. I have some other good photographs of London—Westminster Abbey, Ludgate Hill and St. Paul's, the Thames Embankment, showing the Hotel Cecil, Cleopatra's Needle and Somerset House. I have another of the Marble Arch, also Fleet Street and Rotten Row. You will like them, I know. The Bank of England and Royal Exchange and Piccadilly Circus didn't feel unlike New York. When we passed Buckingham Palace the old cabby, not at all impressed with the country's rulers, called our attention to the numerous guards around the palace, and called them "a lazy lot of 'ounds."

Sunday was over after awhile, and it gave me considerable time to write while Walter slept, and to-morrow morning we will meet the boys again. They will be here at the hotel in time for breakfast. Good night, dear Daddy, the amount of printed matter I am toting around in my valise will show you more of the country than I am setting down here.

This is Lord Mayor's Day, and we are all excitement. George S. and Grandpa look fine and fatter than ever. They were both toggged off in English clothes, and they fairly bubbled over with fun, and so did we, and to-day has been one long

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joy day. Grandpa has had the gout under his pearl-colored spats, and the hotel doctor told him he must give up all red things, like wine and beef and ties. He tried it for almost four days. Then he gave up his doctor. And to-day when we indulged in a delicious macaroni-by-the-yard dinner at a very attractive Italian place on the Strand, Grandpa had a toe and a conscience that hurt together. Every time he tasted that delicious Chianti stuff that comes in the strawcovered bottles with red and green worsted tassels he would remark: "I really shouldn't do this," and it seemed to comfort him somewhat to talk about it. So if he would forget it for awhile, I would remind him of it. The town was gayly decorated with flags and bunting, and garlands of make-believe flowers, festooned across the streets. Everybody wore a holiday manner, and in some places we saw people stationed on the streets willing to wait for four hours that they might have front-row places when the "show" would pass. We were most fortunate to secure a little balcony with rugs hanging over the railing, and really the crowd was as interesting to watch as the "show" itself, which to my American mind, was of the "common or garden" variety of street parade. Some of the historical costumes seen were interesting. The first Lord Mayor of London was Henry Fitz-Alwin from 1189 until 1212. The gentleman wore petticoats and so did his knights with union suits of armor showing through their sheath skirts. The next was Sir John Philpot—1378. Not only petticoats but trains also were worn by the gentlemen in

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this little party, except for the very brief kilt on the soldiers. Dick Whittington came next all the way to 1419. He appears grown up and his cat is not with him. Sir Richard Gresham comes next. They are all dressed like Henry VIII's. Then, Sir Thomas Myddelton, but the next, with John Wilkes, in 1775, wear bright scarlet coats, and are of the variety that every true-born American school-boy thoroughly despises when he first meets them in his history book. All the boys with me acknowledged biting the heads off their British leaden soldiers while studying the Boston Tea Party part of their American history. To go back to the show. Robert Waithman, with gold cords and tassels, led us on to the present-day Lord Mayor. Seated in a coach of state for all the world like the lovely affair Cinderella's grandmother made out of a pumpkin.

Colored people are by no means familiar sights over here, but on holidays men blackened like minstrels, go around the streets and play the banjo and guitar in front of a crowded balcony or window.

Over here prizes are given to the best-kept working horses, and it is by no means an unfamiliar sight to see a fine, well-groomed horse with ten or twelve prizes on its harness, and the poor patient animals must submit to the petting of nearly every passerby. I have seen well-dressed young women go up to a horse harnessed to an ash-wagon and fondle the horse's handsome head while they talked about his charms to his master.

One of the waiters in this hotel has a very "cor-

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dial manner," so George S. says, because he has a little two-story go-cart fitted out with nice things to drink and smoke, and where the coffee is served in the evening he goes around with his little rubber-tired pushcart. It's such a nice complete little affair, with each cordial in its own little compartment, and he sells cigarettes, one or two at a time, as well as a shilling a box.

Maybe we didn't see a lovely thing this afternoon, and I understand it's a regular affair with this certain hunt club when they give their annual dinner to celebrate the opening of the hunting season. The Lady Patroness comes out on the upstairs veranda, and beside her there is a little stove with a pan on it full of pence and ha' pennies, and, with the aid of a little coal shovel, she throws these scorching hot coins down on the crowd below. Oh, it was a jolly sight and I'm sure, Daddy, you and the girls would have loved it. I managed to get two ha' pennies, and they were hot ones, too. I hope I won't spend them by mistake the way I did the pewter franc I was saving that the guide in the Notre Dame had no scruples about passing onto us. There was one man in the crowd who was having a lovely time. He was catching hot coins in an inverted umbrella. He really didn't need the money, as he wasn't that kind of a person. He would throw the money back again to a crowd of kiddies.

One of the most artistic shops I have ever seen is here in London, where the shop-girls wear soft brown or moss green cashmere, well-made clothes



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to match their departments. I asked an Englishman this morning if he didn't think them charming, and he looked down at me over his glasses, and without a sign of a smile he simply and sufficiently remarked: "Entirely too much side, madam," and I don't think "side" means charm. The little errand girls wear pale green or coffee-colored pinafores, and they were such sweet-looking children, with pretty gracious manners and graceful soft curls or plaits. Americans would call them "broilers." The French say "bockfishe." Old-fashioned folk say "at the hobbledehoy age," but every one says "Sweet sixteen." The boys with me did, anyhow.

We went to the Drury Lane Theatre to see "The Whip" last evening and part of the night, I was about to remark, that it certainly was a lengthy session. There were four acts and twelve scenes, and all of them interesting and unusual. One scene was in Madame Tussaud's museum of wax works in the Chamber of Horrors. I thought of the child who was taken to the Eden Musee and screamed with fright, whose mother said to it: "You have to enjoy yourself; I paid fifty cents to get you in here." There was a child in this show who didn't seem to enjoy it either, and he was simply called a "nasty kid" because he didn't enjoy wax figures and murderers. I think I heard one man say this play had been in London more than a year, and we will have it at home some day. There was a railroad accident, where people seemed to be flung about, and the car was burned to cin-



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ders, and all in a dazzling red light to help make things look more real. And all told it was a very good effect, but a very dreadful calamity. We expected to take the night train for Scotland next night, and it didn't make me overly comfortable to think of things that might happen. I was trying not to think about them, and was looking down as I left the theatre, when I saw something shine. I picked up about as handsome a gold neck chain as I have ever seen. No one near me had an anxious look as I could see, and hard as I looked around the place, I didn't find a diamond pendant to dangle on it. So some day you will see me wear it with merely gratification. What is it in people that makes us all love something for nothing. I don't believe there is any one who can truly say they don't enjoy anything they find, something they only own by chance. It's something like the sensation of winning a bridge prize, or striving to possess a loving cup in a golf tournament. It is so much easier to say: "Isn't this lovely? I found it or won it," whereas one would feel a hesitancy about praising before others things they have bought and paid for, especially to people who either have too much discretion or too little wherewithal to purchase unnecessary possessions.

The day of the Lord Mayor's Show was also the late King's birthday, and on our way home we stopped in Westminster Abbey for the memorial services. I am afraid my mind was more on the magnificence of the edifice than on the eulogy. Also, I sat in a pew under a monument with two

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marble people lying dead on the top, and about four times I read the inscription which was mostly about what a very superior soldier was buried there with his *second* wife. We were informed by reading the stone letters that she was a faithful and comforting wife, an incentive to good deeds also in battle. I felt glad that there was very little likelihood that Walter would ever have a marble image of himself over his tomb, and I resolved to be wonderfully wholesome that never should his ashes remain to be read about beside a second wife. Think of the agonized jealous soul of that soldier's first wife, who, probably, raised his children for him, mended his underwear and armor, and planned endless meals, and now sees him resting comfortably in Westminster Abbey beside Margaret, with all the nice things being said about her. I felt so indignant for her that Grandpa suggested a regular party dinner would perhaps help to make me more wholesome and also be rather comforting before our long night's ride.

George S. went in one taxi with all the luggage (no one knows how uncomfortable those umbrellas, valises and strapped-up streamer rugs were at times), and Grandpa, Walter and myself were comfortably settled in a smelly old horse-cab. Not having to hold any luggage sort of compensated for other disadvantages about our conveyance, and the windows were opened anyhow. We told our man to follow the taxi, but he lost it, and he took us to the wrong station, and by the time we all arrived where we ought to be George S. was hav-

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ing a fit on the station platform. He couldn't have the luggage stored in their compartments because Walter and Grandpa had their own tickets. Really, for a nice man like George S., he was unusually peevish and perverse this evening. I wasn't sorry to be quickly hustled into a little compartment with Walter, and I felt like laughing and crying at the same time. That railroad accident in "The Whip" and the lobster for supper combined to make my night ride on that cold little shelf of a bed anything but pleasant. Even with the warmth of the steamer rug I was so cold that Walter put his overcoat over me, and it weighed a ton, I think. I thought the second story of a penny bus wobbled as much as anything could, but when I thought that I didn't know of the night express between London and Edinburgh.

They are having heavy snow "in the north," the chambermaid told me while she was making a fire in our chilly little hotel room, but I think she must have been mistaken. The snow probably had been in that very room just before we entered. However, our breakfast was so lovely and warm and our letters so cheerful and welcome, and we had real scones with our coffee. You remember how often you have heard me say: "Nannie, your scones are delicious," like Gavin Diesart, the "little minister" in Barrie's famous story, where Babbie and the "minister" have breakfast with the old Scotch Nannie, who, when she accepts the tiny package of tea from Babbie, says: "Babbie, did ye come by it honest, child?"

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As I walked along Princess street, dear Daddy, I felt a delicious sensation of possession, and I could remember my grandmother's pride as she would say: "Yes, child; your grandfather's name was Paul Douglas, and it's proud I am to be related to Ellen Douglas, the Lady of the Lake and the mother of the Black Douglas." Then always a nice story would come after that, and the treasure box opened with its rare collection of miniatures or whiskered old gentlemen and short-waisted ladies cut out in black paper and pasted on a white background. I tried to tell George S. and Grandpa about them, but they wouldn't listen. They were making other plans. There is always so much time taken up making plans, and getting rid of money that won't be good in the next country. In Germany, France and Holland the conversation was really most tedious. English money, however, is good in more places.

We went through the Edinburgh Castle. It is magnificent and aw-inspiring, perched up hundreds of feet above the valley below. It is not alone for its rugged grandeur that it is so interesting, but for its historic fame. It dates back to the time when the nobles ruled the land, and it gives you a sort of sword-in-hand sensation to go through places where the walls fairly ring with valor and where so many soldiers have lived and died. And lots and lots of soldiers live there now in the new barracks. It is the most imposing spectacle to see the Black Watch drill on the castle esplanade, and they look so picturesque in their bonnets and clean



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white spats and kilts that shake as they walk. The same esplanade that is 350 feet in length served at one time as a place of public execution. Isn't that an awful thought? And as we walked over that historic ground I felt so glad to be alive now. There was a dear little black kitten looking out of one of the port-hole effects in the castle near the big gate. It was crying so pitifully that I asked a kilted youth who was passing by if he didn't think the poor thing was a prisoner in that black hole. He only said: "Let it get out as it got in." A half hour later when I passed the same place again the kitten still was crying, and, after all, perhaps, the soldier was right and the kitten a fool. Why didn't it back out, anyhow?

We went up the archway to the King's Bastion, and saw that wonderful and famous gun, Mons Meg, which is an enormous thing. I patted it in spite of its twenty-inch bore. It is now, as I learned to say in Germany, "caput." Very near this old gun is a little chapel, the oldest and smallest sacred edifice in Scotland. This little chapel belonged to Margaret, the Saxon Queen of Malcolm Canmore. She died in 1093, and I am sure she had nothing to do with the modern little stove in the chapel at present that cheers and warms the woman who sells photographs of the place. We saw, but I must acknowledge, in a very poor light, the old Parliament Hall that has been restored to its proper dignity from a whitewashed hospital ward to the noblest historic apartment of the Stuart palace. A Scotchman told me it was the



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noblest, so that is how I know. Otherwise I never would have known, the light was so poor. We saw the place where the dead Queen Margaret with her children made their exit while their uncle, Donal Bane, "thundered at the gate." Think of a thing like that, how awful it must have been at the time. I am so glad that the habit of thundering at gates is entirely out of date. There may be some modern inventions like a graphophone or a telephone, or some one else's daughter taking singing lessons. All these sounds may be harrowing at times, but nothing compared to thundering at gates.

Dear me, Daddy, how could I go on telling you such things without mentioning the first and foremost and most important—the Regalia of Scotland. I saw it. And, as the little book mentioned, "Vulgar curiosity pales before the patriotic pride with which a nation views these relics of a glorious past." We went up a little curved stairway, and in a glass case we beheld Scotland's Pride. There is the crown, the sceptre and the sword of state, also there is a silver rod that was used as the badge of the Lord Treasurer of Scotland. Perhaps you know all this, but maybe the girls do not, and these treasures are so interesting I must tell you all about them. The crown, of course, is pure gold, and it is made of two circles, with designs of fleur de lis around it and large pearls. Then there are other precious stones in it, not polished, but set deep in the old-fashioned way. There were amethysts, emeralds, rubies and jacinths and lots of Oriental pearls, also diamonds and sapphires.

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There is a crimson velvet affair with ermine in it to be worn inside. I suppose it would hurt the head if it were not for that, as it looks like a very weighty thing to be worn on the head. But think of the weight of armor. People then evidently didn't mind uncomfortable things. The glory of wearing a crown compensated. The man who guards the Regalia told us that: "The crown sparkled on the brows of Bruce, likewise the Jameses and Mary's auburn hair." The crown dates back to 1314, after Robert Bruce's famous victory of Bannockburn. There was an earlier crown in Scotland in 1057, when Malcolm Canmore ruled the land. The crown I saw to-day was wonderful and beautiful enough, and I hope I shall never forget it. We also saw an old-fashioned picture representing the Rev. Mr. James Granger and his wife hiding the treasures in the floor of the old church in 1652, and once more referring to the little book I learned that Scotland would have lost forever the regalia had it not been for the clever wife of the reverend gentleman who lived and died three hundred years ago. We also saw the wonderful old chest in which the treasures had been hidden, all neatly wrapped in linen and found again on the 4th of February, 1818, by some others and Sir Walter Scott.

We left the castle and once more entered our open barouche, and driving through this beautiful city we looked upon modern things for awhile, and one was death. That is something that is always with us. Ancient and modern, it's a style that

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never goes, and we will have to face it, too, the same as the others that have gone before. Some have worn crowns and some have worn rags, but they all have had to go. What I saw to-day was a box with a flag over it, and four kilted soldiers carried it on their shoulders, and others, still with the power in their legs to move, walked behind. Oh, the glory of that power to live—that power that not only moves our legs and arms but our minds, our appetites, our all—Our tout ensemble, as it were. God help us.

We left more alive things outside and stepped back into history again. This time it was Holyrood Palace. I was almost afraid to speak out loud here, it seemed so dreadful to look at a spot on the floor with a brass plate on it and to be told by some one who remembered that before that brass plate was put there there was a dark stain on that very spot, and that dark stain was blood, and the blood was the life blood of an unfortunate Italian musician who died by Lord Darnley's hand, without even a moment to say his prayers. Lord Darnley was husband to Mary, Queen of Scots, and the Queen was in her room at the time, and probably saw it all happen. We also saw the four-post bed, with its original hangings, in which Mary, the Queen slept. She must have been a very short little lady, because her bed seemed almost nursery size. We also saw the little supper room, with the threadbare, moth-eaten tapestries still on the wall. It's wonderful how such things last while

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their owners pass on taking their souls to God for reckoning.

The rest of the drive was through the country, and do you know, something that I have observed, that in the different countries certain animals seem to predominate. Now, for instance, here in Bonnie Scotland, it seems to be sheep that I see every place that are grazing in the fields. Probably the Mary that we all know about who had a little lamb was a Scotch lassie. But in Holland and in Germany, too, it seemed to be goats that predominated mostly as the train hurried past.

## DUNFERMLINE.

Daddy, dear, thrill with me. I have seen and heard so much I scarcely know where to start. I really am at this very minute in the gentlemen's reading room in the Station Hotel in Belfast, Ireland, and the boys are out looking at linens again. I will tell you what I know about linens later, but just now let me take you and the girls firmly but gently by the hand and into the first-class railway carriage with us on our way to Dunfermline. Over here you can travel first or third class, according to how much you pay for your ticket. We usually travel third, because they say only nobility and Americans take the first-class coaches, and the difference, except in the price of the ticket, is hard to detect. Walter asked the train-man what the difference might mean in the first and second class. He kept the man talking a long silly while about it, telling how there were so many more buttons in the upholstery of the first-class coaches, and George S. declared it was the color of the plush. The prosy old conductor was not at all impressed with their wit. He briefly told us it was the rug for our feet. So we proceeded to enjoy the rug, and all laughed merrily and enjoyed better things than the rug. And that was the lovely things that we saw.

We crossed the Forth Bridge, and I can well



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believe what I was told about it that it was the labor of 5,000 men for seven years day and night, and that it cost over £3,500,000 to build it. The bridge is a mile and a half long and that includes both ends on land, you know, and the steel in it weighs 51,000 tons. I also heard that, even though it was so wonderful and lengthy an operation to construct such a thing, very few men lost their lives while working there.

I was just a little frightened when Walter told me we were to visit his friends, Sir James, and Lady Moore, and I did wish I had had a little more luggage with me. I had become so accustomed to my travelling clothes that I quite know how a nut feels about its shell, except, of course, I had the privilege not known to nuts, of crawling out now and then, and, like my precious dog at home, who winter and summer must retain his hide, I proceeded once more to be as contented and unconscious of my coverings as if they had been a coat of paint. Anyhow, I have noticed if you put your mind on it, any woman can feel mighty dressy with a pair of ear-rings and new silk stockings. The boys, of course, went to the linen factories at once. Dunfermline is so famous for its linens, you know, and I proceeded to live the most beautiful part of the whole trip. Lady Moore is the personification of charm and womanliness, and I loved her from the first moment I saw her. The boys have been delightful companions on this trip, and, of course, you know when I chose Walter, how I felt about him, and it's more so now. But what real

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woman after weeks and weeks without it doesn't crave the companionship of a thimble and a petticoat?

There is a something delicious in the sound that grown ups and children all know, and I pity anyone who has never heard and loved it—that is the little soft, swishy sound of the mother person as her train trundles along and follows her through the door. It was such a gown that Lady Moore wore. Some people live in houses, others live in homes. There are some doors where you hesitate and feel the chill, the dark, unused, unhomelike sensation even before you enter. Then again, there are real true homes that are all the word implies. You feel the breath and warmth of love as the door opens. It's such a place where children home from school call "mother," and the memory of that loved word vibrating through the halls for many years mellows and makes a mere house a home. It was a real home we were visiting to-day.

It seems as if the whole world was full of sunshine and singing birds this morning when I awoke. Lady Moore kindly volunteered to show me Dunfermline. The automobile was left at the entrance to the park that we might walk and more leisurely enjoy so beautiful a place. I felt like living in a dream. The sunshine had gone to my head. We walked past the club house for the exclusive pleasure of the very elderly Scotchmen, who, having arrived at the age where pottering about in a garden with nothing to think of but an occasional game of chess, and numerous pipes of tobacco, or

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just to bask in the sunshine to watch the birds and flowers, and to live again the careless free life of boyhood without the activity was the sum of their day's work. This club house is maintained, like many other places in Dunfermline, through the bounty of Mr. Carnegie, and, as if imitation really was the sincerest form of flattery, the entire community of elderly Scotchmen have affected the same style of beard as their benefactor.

We walked up the rugged path and around and through the ruins of the castle and saw the rooms where the monks of old had lived and slept and prayed. We stood in an open place that had once been the kitchen of the monastery, and with a big sniff I could almost imagine the savory odors that had risen from that very spot. The well-cooked meats, the flagons of wines, the birds served with their feathers around them, like we see in feast-day pictures of days gone by. I imagine the monks had plenty to eat, because they are all so beautifully rounded in their pictures. The fresh air had made me overly hungry anyhow, and it was a safer topic of conversation and a more pleasant thought to look out of the hole that once had been a window, and see the hills all gloriously brown and green for November, and little streams trickling down through the rocks and mossy nooks and the tall wild ferns grown brown for winter. As we looked down the steep steps of logs and moss and listened to the birds singing and inhaled the fragrance of the woods, I tried to imagine I could see the pious old gentlemen with their shining

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crowns and sandaled feet, trudging up the steep steps chanting their evening prayer. Dunfermline is full of treasures, and first I must tell you of the Abbey, that was started building in 1050 by Queen Margaret. It is an exquisite example of Norman architecture, and I had plenty of leisure to thoroughly enjoy it. It is so nice to have those dear boys off my mind for awhile, and Lady Moore has a delightful way of enjoying things quietly.

Really the way I have had to hurry sometimes was enough to make me fairly dizzy. Under a beautiful carved pulpit in the Abbey Church is the tomb of Robert the Bruce. I stood so near that I put the toe of my shoe on the bronze plate under which rests forever whatever may remain of Robert. He wasn't very pretty in his picture, but I don't think it was a good likeness.

We also went through the Turkish bath building, another gift of Mr. Carnegie's. It is a most complete, artistic and luxurious building, and the fee for a bath is only a shilling. I felt like the girl in the threadbare story who had the opportunity to stay in a New York hotel with a private bath-room and wished so much it had been Saturday night. Pardon that allusion, and come back to this Scottish bath-house, with its splendid swimming-pool and gymnasium room, where a sweet young thing is playing a game of battledore and shuttlecock over a tennis net with a red-jacketed attendant. The young girl's costume was so simple and graceful, merely a little blue serge slip, like our little girls about ten years old at home might wear. A

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black girdle was tied loosely around her waist. We also saw Skibo Castle from a distance, and rode in the automobile near the under side of the Forth Bridge. It is more wonderful to look up at than to go quickly over in the train.

After looking at all the gifts to his home town, we visited the little cottage where Mr. Carnegie was born. The second story room had two beds built in the wall and besides a little fireplace and a small table to hold the log-book there is nothing else there except, of course, the elderly person who shows with such pride the beautiful tribute to his mother that Mr. Carnegie has so recently written in the book. I wrote my name not far under it, I was so delighted with his sentiment: "It is a pleasure to visit the home of one's childhood when one had a heroine for a mother."

On our way home we stopped to pay a call on a most lovely lady who lived in a most picturesque home in a delightful old-fashioned garden, with a rugged natural hedge, and lovely real, live tame peacocks that came up to the automobile to give a friendly greeting. I would love to own a peacock, but dear knows what a poor companion I would find it when I didn't want it around.



## BELFAST.

I have been motoring around Ireland with the boys, seeing the linen in all its stages, and also seeing this picturesque country. It is not an unfamiliar sight to see women barefooted, not like the dancers on the stage in Vienna and Paris and in all other civilized countries that look for shocks, but just plain poor barefooted women with their heads tied up in shawls. I was surprised at the boys that they could not give me a good reason for finding any more beauty in a naked ankle that danced for money than in a naked ankle that trudges through the mire because it can't afford a stocking. Why should a rosy apple that you pay, what Walter calls "dreadful money" for in a New York shop, taste any better than the same rosy thing under a tree in Ireland? The girl we saw in the road to-day was young and pretty, I think, and the head shawl was becoming to the back of her head. She was afraid of the automobile, but she didn't run like the cows and pigs. She simply turned her back and shivered. I talked for ever so long about this. Was it modesty or embarrassment? Is it lack of funds or is it lack of public schools that makes women seemingly so shiftless?

Not all the Irish women defy draughts like the little one in the road. The fine healthy specimens we saw in a vaudeville performance one evening

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at the Hippodrome wore quite heavy cotton dull black affairs, and in the chorus with them was a sweet-faced little crippled girl, with a beautiful voice. She was dressed in a short white frock with a blue sash, like the others. Her poor crippled legs were pathetic. Think of a deformed girl in New York making her living on the vaudeville stage. No matter how sweet her voice and face might be, how many of us would have the charity to overlook those wretched poor little limbs? Grandpa said she looked as if she were bent on having a good time, wicked person that he is. We are all looking forward for the trip home, and maybe I won't be delighted to see you and the girls. Be sure to be on the nearest point of land when we arrive and watch us go through the agonies of the hospitalities of the American Custom House.

Wave an American flag and just shout "Walter" as loud as you can, so we will know the right bunch of faces to look to for the familiar ones. This land of second-story street cars may have its charm and I don't doubt it, but Uncle Sam for me every time, and there is not one of us who won't be glad to see the Goddess of Liberty in her green gown waiting for us to sail into her beautiful harbor.

## TWO DAYS FROM HOME.

Dear Daddy, I write that "Home" with a capital H. We are having glorious weather, and, while the sea has been a little rough at times, it hasn't been rough enough to empty the majority of the deck chairs. There are some very interesting people on board, and some wonderful new costumes are being worn that they may land in our beautiful country as used property, I suppose. There is something about this draughty life at sea that makes one awfully glad she can afford silk stockings. I hope you are all watching the newspapers for the ship to come in, and I suppose by wireless you already know some of what I am about to tell you. To begin at the beginning, when we looked at the sketch of the arrangement of tables in the dining room and found our names at one of the side tables with two other names, an indignation meeting went on at once. Three mad men went to the head steward and demanded an explanation. It was easy. A young lady with a pocketbook (we guessed that much), had asked that herself and friend should be put with our party. Simply speaking, it meant that we were to spend all our meal hours in the companionship of Marianna Murphy and her little French beau. I'm glad for her sake she wasn't married when you hear what happened later on, and I'm sort of sorry for the poor girl anyhow.

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She didn't know we didn't want her little friend along, and she didn't happen to know either that both George S. and Walter had seen him before. He had given them very nice French shaves on previous trips to France, and little Marceau, had he been consulted, would not have cared to be placed where Marianna considered so sociable a spot. There was not any other place in the dining room, so we had to make the best of it, and after the first display of gorgeous dinner gown Marianna retired to the tender care of the stewardess. The next morning at breakfast Marceau likewise was missing. Grandpa thinks he is one of the people the warning signs refer to, because he spends nearly all of his time in the smoking room playing cards, and he evidently watches from a balcony the most suitable times for his meals because after the first offense and glance of recognition, although no words were said, he has never looked at either Walter or George S. again. I suppose a barber does get a lasting impression of a face. He has to look at it so carefully to prevent an accident.

We were all sitting in the veranda cafe after dinner yesterday, and I was playing about the one-thousandth game of solitaire with Grandpa. George S. and Walter were talking of the tendencies of unreliable salesmen selling samples, and the conversation was so much like Potash and Perlmutter that I wanted to listen. Just then a steward came up with a tray with a card on it, saying the captain would like to speak to them both. Without even telling us what it was about, they hurried

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away, and, of course, Grandpa and I thought George S. at last was to have his chance to run the ship. But far be that from the case. Two whole wondering hours went by before they returned, and Grandpa was taken away to be whispered to, and so was I.

Walter told me, the captain said, shortly after leaving Liverpool a wireless had been received, with the message that a hotel in Paris, the police also and several jewelers were looking for a man supposed to be on our steamer. He was described as being slight, dark complexioned, with a small moustache, and was a first-class barber in the Hotel G. The name was Alloway and considerable moneys had disappeared simultaneously with the person described, and no one so far on the ship had recognized him. The Captain asked the advice of the American gentlemen and inquired if they had in the smoking room or elsewhere seen any one acting in any way suspicious or seemingly travelling under an assumed name and disguise. Reluctantly, they acknowledged having known Alloway, alias Marceau, when he wore a scrap of a moustache and shaved them in Paris the season previously, and I am glad to say they did not tell that his betrothed was on the ship.

Her picture will get in the papers soon enough, dear knows, and she has so much to learn.

Marceau has disappeared from the smoking room. His meals are being served to him privately, and we have not seen or heard anything more about him. This evening at supper Marianna



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appeared very pale but gorgeous in a lavender satin. She was really quite the most elaborate creature on the ship, for while the English girls on board wore evening clothes they are quite simple and unassuming.

The three Japanese ladies, who are making their first trip with their husbands, wear their tailored suits all the time. Marianna felt quite like herself again, and had spent the entire afternoon in her steamer chair in the hope that "Marceau" would come and join her for a happy little while, and she could not account for not receiving a little note from him for the past two days. She wanted to know, if I knew if he was suffering from "mal de mer," and if we didn't think him charming, etc. I had so little to tell her that I just enthused about the enormous three-stone engagement ring and listened to the wonderful secret of his wedding gift to her that he was to bring so carefully through the Custom House. She was quite sure I wouldn't tell, and I didn't. She told me of her gorgeous wedding gown and how papa had promised to start them at housekeeping. She was so sure her lover was so clever he would succeed in any business he might enter, and I soon discovered she knew nothing whatsoever about his former occupation.

The boys made some excuse about it being too cold for me on deck, where they were going to smoke awhile for a change, and there was nothing for me to do but sit with Marianna and listen to the concert. However, I did advise her not to do as she wanted to do, and that was inquire for "Mar-

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ceau" at the desk and get the steward to take a note to him. I tried to convince her that he would think more of her if she just left him alone until it was time to go on shore, when papa was to be there to meet them. I can't help but wonder how it all will turn out, and even while I wonder I forget her in my joy to be once more with you and the girls and home again.

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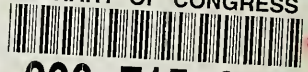
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